

The Lomond Press

VOL. 2. NO 35

LOMOND, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1918.

\$1.00 PER YEAR.

LOCALETS

Keep Monday evening open for the grand concert.

John A. Bowers, Mrs. Bowers and Edward, arrived home on Wednesday after a couple of months spent pleasantly in holidaying at the coast.

Born, near Kinnondale on Sunday, Feb. 10th., to Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Marshall, a son.

News is at hand that Percy E. Oakland, of Armada, has successfully graduated from the Rahe Auto and Tractor School at Kansas City, Mo.

The Elliott Argue Co. took possession of the Marshall & Wilson store on Monday morning. Mr. Argue and Mr. Erskine arrived on Friday evening last to assume their new duties.

Robt. Moir has taken over the distribution of the Imperial Oil Company's products in Lomond. The company will install a kerosene tank here, same being expected to arrive on any immediate train. This will make Lomond an important centre for fuel oil distribution.

Mrs. F.L. Willard and Max are home again after an extended holiday trip through South Dakota and Montana.

The Editor was in the grip of la grippe for a couple of days this week, consequently The Press office was involuntarily closed for a couple of days.

J. Munro has disposed of his interests in the Phillips & Munro hardware to L. H. Phillips, who now assumes entire control. Mr. Munro is now away to Manitoba on a business trip.

\$84.25 was the satisfactory proceeds of the Red Cross social and dance on Wednesday night—and this in the face of a regular blizzard. Local talent provided the music for the dancing and taking it altogether a very enjoyable time was experienced by all those present.

Rev. W. H. Irwin goes to Calgary next week to attend the convention of the Alberta Social Service League. Mr. Irwin has also been invited to address the People's Forum while in Calgary. Mrs. R. A. Ferris will preach to the Lomond congregation on Sunday evening of next week, Feb. 24th.

FORTUNES OF WAR

An Interesting Letter From Germany by John L. Haight

(continued from last week)

I travelled to Munster under guard and stayed for a couple of days at a camp for "private" prisoners of war, from there I came down here and arrived here about the beginning of the present month. As I was taken ill on the way down I was admitted to on the 3rd and have been here ever since. I am now quite well again and expect to go back to the Lager, or camp, in a few days. My cut lip has quite healed up now and I anticipate no further trouble from it. This hospital is quite superior to that at Mons in every respect and I am comfortable here indeed. I am in a ward which holds six, it is about 16x30 and is well fitted with beds tables, chairs, etc. We also have an outfit of dishes upon which our meals are served. The food at this hospital is quite good.

Last week there were six officers in this ward each claiming a different country: England, Italy, Canada, Australia, Russia and France, but now the Russian and Frenchman have gone and two more Italians have come in, so our company is not such a medley now. To-day we were visited by a very sleek looking civilian who is Swiss ambassador to Germany, he enquired after our welfare in French, which I am beginning to understand fairly well. He was so sorry that he could not "Parly L'anglais".

And so the days go placidly by. My

exciting career has been cut off, my craft pushed into calm waters of a back eddy where the days go by in dreaming, eating, reading and sleeping. No disturbing events occur and scarcely an echo of the outside world reaches us. The German papers sometimes come up but my education is deficient on the Germanic language, so that the papers do me no good. In addition to this no word from England has yet reached me, nor have I had any further letters from Canada since coming over on the 28th of Sept. As you may judge I am eagerly looking forward to my first consignment from England. It will be forwarded on from Cox & Co. as soon as they receive my address which I first sent from Mons and later from here. I am sorry to have to send you such a hackneyed account of my experiences, but there is much which it would not be wise to relate. Xmas will be long past ere this reaches you so I will abstain from sending greetings. However if my earnest wish can wing itself to Canada and have any power to make you happy, I am sure you and Mary will have a riotous time. I may say that with this letter I have exhausted my writing privileges for this month and will have to wait until December before writing to you again. In the meantime console myself with thoughts of you and Mary having a merry holiday amid the crackling frost of Alberta winter and whatever of joy I can subtract from a Kriegenlager. Assure Mary that I am quite as comfortable and happy as one can expect to be under the circumstances.

John L. Haight.

Mrs. F. Dunn of Winnifred is visiting with Mrs. Newinger.

If the author of the letter signed "An Old Subscriber" will be good enough to hand in his name as an evidence of good faith, not necessarily for publication, The Press will consider the matter in question. It is against the rules in newspaper business to give attention to unsigned articles.

Neil Brothers are making a number of extensions and improvements to their meat market and same will open again to-morrow under the firm name of Neil Brothers & Hensen. Mr. Hensen comes from High River, is an experienced butcher, and will take over the active management of the retail end of the business.

The last thaw more than filled the sloughs with water and the roads are inundated in many places. Autos will find things roads pretty tough when the frost leaves the ground. There will be needed a good deal of road repairing—and the new grades next the town will require re-surfacing the first thing in the spring.

The Ladies Aid is serving a public dinner in the church before the concert on Monday evening.

The Central Garage is unloading a car load of Chevrolets this week.

Mrs. N. Holden and "Bob" are in Calgary for the week.

Miss Wilson of Vulcan will assist in the program on Monday evening. Miss Wilson is a talented elocutionist.

Badger Lake

Grant Haynes made a trip to Medicine Hat last week.

Elmer Thompson is attending a gas tractor engineering class in Calgary.

Carman Huley returned this week from Lethbridge where he was attending the I. H. C. tractor engineers course.

Fred Hart is enjoying a visit from his brother.

The carpenters are making rapid progress with S. A. Trew's new residence.

Rumour has it that Grant Haynes and family are moving shortly to B.C.

Ash Wednesday was observed as a holiday in First Chance School.

There are no sign of our jolly bachelors' return.

Present weather continuing, ice harvesting will commence next week.

Millionaires

The Christian Guardian publishes the following article regarding the millionaire population of the United States and Great Britain; it will doubtless be of interest. It reads:

"Last week the Income Tax Division of the United States Internal Revenue Bureau published certain statistics which show that the United States has now, or rather had last year, no less than 22,696 millionaires, an increase over the preceding year of 7925. Evidently the war, which is getting killed off very quickly on the firing line, has given a wonderful impetus to the millionaires. The Government experts reach their conclusions by assuming that the average rate of income is about four per cent. upon the average man's capital, and this means that every man who admits that his income ranges between \$40,000 and \$50,000 is a millionaire. Of course if a man makes a mistake and thinks that his income is only \$30,000 when it is \$40,000, he will escape being classed as a millionaire, but if Uncle Sam finds out the mistake there will likely be trouble. There are only ten persons in the United States who pay taxes on an income of over \$5,000,000; there are nine who admit receiving between \$4,000,000 and \$5,000,000; there are fourteen whose incomes range between \$3,000,000 and \$4,000,000 and thirty-four who enjoy incomes ranging from \$2,000,000 to \$3,000,000. Altogether there are in the United States 3733 men who may be classed as multi-millionaires. It will be of interest to note that while the United States has 22,696 millionaires, the United Kingdom has only 5154 millionaires. Evidently the United States has a little more than its share of this class of citizen; but the United Kingdom forges ahead when it comes to very large fortunes. The United States has ten men worth about \$125,000,000 each, but the United Kingdom has seventy-nine. The United States has nine men worth \$100,000,000 and Great Britain has sixty-eight. The United States has fourteen men worth about \$75,000,000, and Great Britain has forty-five. The United States has thirty-four men worth \$50,000,000, and Great Britain has seventy-three. In the \$37,500,000 class the United States has forty-two and Great Britain sixty-one, but in the \$25,000,000 class the United States is ahead with ninety-seven to Britain's eighty-three. It is worth noting that the income tax from the millionaires is less than one per cent. of the total tax, which for 1916 was \$180,180,000. These figures for big incomes make suggestive reading for patriots and social reformers."

A hungry traveller put his head out of a car-window as his train pulled up at a small station, and said to a boy: "Here take this dime and get me a sandwich, will you? And by the way, here's another dime. Get a sandwich for yourself, too. The boy darted and returned, munching a sandwich, just as the train was starting off. He ran to the traveller, handed him a dime and said: "Here's yer dime back boss. They only had one sandwich left'."

The Lomond Press

LOMOND, ALBERTA.

Published Every Friday.
Advertising Rates on Application.

RAE L. KING, PROP.

LOMOND, ALBERTA, Feb. 15, 1918

Anonymous Letters.

Boys returning from the central military tribunal at Calgary inform us that in certain cases the authorities were in possession of anonymous letters bearing on the question. In justice to the authorities it will be stated that little or no attention was given such documents. Nevertheless, it exhibits a state of affairs we would rather not see. It is an evidence of weakness on the part of the writers. It purports a sentiment of malice and spite, besides being interfering and meddlesome. If you are too cowardly to sign your name to your letters, do not by any means infer slackerism onto any of the boys in this underhanded way.

The Church in Our Eyes.

The Calgary paper were severely scored last Sunday by a city clergyman for their lack of support and their proneness to ridicule religious institutions. Another divine scored Mormonism for countenancing dat-

cing and other forms of entertainment within its sacred halls.

It must be admitted that the present-day "church" as term is generally accepted, does not appeal to the masses—does not even touch them.

In our opinion, Mormonism was attacked in its one stronghold. Why should not the Church foster the entertainment and amusement of the people? Why should this be unloaded on the "un-godly"? Why should the Supreme Being be displeased at his people enjoying themselves amid clean and wholesome surroundings?

There has developed too much of a difference in the church between Sunday and Monday. The church must deliver a seven-day practical religion before it can attract any serious attention. Christ began his great work by ministering to the people in such manner as they could comprehend and no doubt he would do the same at the present day.

Phillips & Munro

Everything in Hardware, Oils, Paints
and Glasses. Hot air, hot water
and Steam Heating.

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Delaney & Armstrong

Dray and Transfer in Connection.
We Move Pianos Without a Scratch.

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CREDIT Auction Sale

A credit auction sale will be held at J. L. Ricketts' farm, the N. E. Quarter of 30-15-19, 4 1/2 miles north west of Travers and 5 miles south of Lomond, commencing at 1 p.m. sharp, on

Tuesday, Feb. 19th.

- 1 Bay Gelding, 3 years old, weight 1300
- 1 Roan Gelding, 3 years old, wgt. 1300.
- 1 Black Gelding, 3 years old, wgt. 1300.
- 1 Black Mare, 3 years old, weight 1300.
- 1 Bay Mare, 3 years old, weight 1350.
- 1 Bay Mare, 5 years old, weight 1300.
- 1 Brown Mare, 4 years old, wgt. 1400.
- 1 Bay Horse, 8 years old, weight 1500.
- 2 Brown Geldings, 8 yrs. old, wgt. 1350
- 1 Bay Gelding, 5 years old, weight 1500
- 2 yearling colts.
- 1 Bay Gelding, rising 7, weight 1300.
- 1 Bay Gelding, rising 4, weight 1300.
- 6 Fresh Cows with calves at side.
- 5 yearling steer calves.
- 1 3-year-old bull.
- 2 dozen Rhode Island Red Hens.
- 1 McCormick 8 ft. Binder.
- 1 Stag Sulky Plow.
- 1 Bissell Disc, in-throw 16-16.
- 1 Seed Drill. 1 Disc Harrow.
- 1 Set Britching Harness.

TERMS: Sums of \$20.00 and under, cash; over that amount, credit will be given to Nov 1st, 1918, on furnishing approved joint lien notes bearing interest at 8 per cent. per annum. 5 per cent. discount for cash on all sums entitled to credit.

N. HOLDEN, Clerk.
J. L. RICKETTS. G. G. ELLIOTT,
Owner. Auctioneer.



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LOMOND DISTRICT.

Billy Benson is putting the frame top on his barn these fine days.

We are pleased to report that Mrs. Benson is progressing favourably.

Bob Plunkett intends building his new house and cement barn on his farm east of town.

Rock picking will soon be on the program again if this weather continues.

Mr. Reed's seven roomed house is being rapidly completed. Mr. Blake has been helping him with the job.

Several vacant shacks in this district have furnished fatal traps for cattle during the recent storms.

The hens are commencing to lay again, after many months of idleness. Perhaps they will "have a heart" this Easter.

Skating will be popular when Jack Frost smiles again. If the snow stays away for awhile, the ice will be the best this winter.

The acreage in this district this year will be the same as last season. The land, however, taking everything into consideration, is in much better condition this spring for wheat. Much grain will be stubbled in on account of the large amount of moisture and not much spring plowing will be done.

The labor question will be critical this summer. The scarcity of men owing to the last draft is staggering the large farmers for want of help to work their farms profitably.

The winter sports are straggling homeward to get prepared for the spring work.

How is This for a General Utility Coat?

A coat for this time of year that will turn the wind, is light in weight and guaranteed waterproof. Comes in a great range of fancy tweeds, made in the roomy raglan and slip-on styles, some with convertible collars—

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Another line of Raincoats, very serviceable for the windy days, guaranteed waterproof, double texture parametta, extra strong lining. Price - - - \$10.00

Save the big advance in price of Suits. Buy now from our large stock.

The Frank Brown Co., Ltd.

Now Is Your Chance!

20 per cent. off for Cash on all pianos bought thru' this store before Feb. 25th. THINK OF IT!! Pianos are GOING UP, but I am actually CUTTING OLD PRICES. This a real opportunity---- an opportunity to bring real music into your home—You owe it to yourself and to your children to grasp it.

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A \$375 "KRYDNER" - New Scale Williams - for . . \$300

A \$500 "KARN" - Karn-Morris Co. - for . . . \$400

A \$590 "PRINCESS" Player Piano - K.-M.Co. - for . \$472

A \$790 "NEW KARN" " " " for . \$600

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SGEANT MCCLINTOCK.

"OVER THERE"

The Thrill and the Hell of the Trenches, Described by an American Boy.

Sergeant Alexander McClintock of Lexington, Ky., and the Canadian Army Has Greeting Tale That Every American Will Read, For He Tells the Facts—Unadorned. Wounded, a Distinguished Conduct Medal Man, He Was Invalided Home, but Is Going "Out There" Again to Fight For Uncle Sam and His Allies. An Inspiring, Interesting, Personal Narrative, Full of the Spirit and Atmosphere of the Trenches.

No. 4. Shifted to the Somme

By Sergeant Alexander McClintock, D. C. M., 87th Overseas Batti., Canadian Gren. Guards.

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Sergeant McClintock is an American boy of Lexington, Ky., who has seen service in France, was decorated for bravery, wounded, invalided home and now is returning to accept a commission. This is the fourth article in the series. In the first article he told of his training up to the point where he reached the front line trenches. In the second he outlined the elaborate preparations for a bomb raid, and in the third the disastrous raid was described.

A FEW days after the bombing raid, which ended so disastrously for us, our battalion was relieved from duty on the front line, and the tip we got was that we were to go down to the big show then taking place on the Somme. Our relief was a division of Australians. You see, the sector which we had held in Belgium was a sort of preparatory school for the regular fighting over in France. It wasn't long before we got into what you might call the big league contest, but in the meanwhile we had a little rest from battling Fritz and the opportunity to observe some things which seem to me to be worth telling about. Those of you who are exclusively fond of the stirring detail of war, such as shooting and being shot at and bombing and bayoneting, need only skip a little of this. We had an entirely satisfactory amount of smoke and excitement later.

As soon as our relief battalion had got in we moved back to Poperinghe for a couple of days' rest. We were a pretty contented and jovial lot, our platoon especially. We were all glad to get away from the strain of holding a front trench, and there were other advantages. For instance, the alterations of our muster due to casualties had not come through battalion headquarters, and therefore we had in our platoon sixty-three rum rations night and morning and only sixteen men.

There was a Canadian Scot in our crowd who said that the only word which described the situation was "g-r-r-r-and!"

There was a good deal of jealousy at that time between the Canadians and the Australians. Each had the same force in the field—four divisions. Either force was bigger than any other army composed exclusively of volunteers ever before assembled. While I

belong to the Canadian army you believe the Canadian overseas forces the finest troops ever led to war, I must say that I have never seen a body of men so magnificent in average physique as the Australians. And some of them were even above the high average. The man that punched me in the eye in at "estamina" in Poperinghe made up entirely in his own person for the absence of Les Darcy from the Australian ranks. I don't know just how the fight started between the Australian and us in Poperinghe, but I know that it took three regiments of Imperial troops to stop it. The most convincing story I heard of the origin of the bat-



It Was Good Clean Fighting. Nobody Fired a Shot.

He was told me by one of our men, who said he was there when it began. He said one of the Australians had carelessly remarked that the British generals had decided it was time to get through with the sideshow in Belgium, and this was the reason why they had sent regular troops like the Australians in to relieve the Canadians.

Then some sensitive Canadian wished the Australians luck and hoped they'd finish it up as well as they had the affair in the Dardanelles. After that our two days' rest was made up principally of beating it out of estaminas when strategic requirements suggested a new base or beating it into estaminas when it looked as if we could act as efficient re-enforcements. That fight never stopped for forty-eight hours, and the only places it didn't include were the church and the hospitals. I'll bet to this day that the Belgians who run the estaminas in Poperinghe will duck behind the bars if you just mention Canada and Aus-

tralia in the same breath.

But I'm bound to say that it was good, clean fighting. Nobody fired a shot, nobody pulled a bayonet, and nobody got the wrong idea about anything. The Australian heavyweight champion who landed on me went right out in the street and saluted one of our lieutenants. We had just one satisfying reflection after the fight was over—the Australian battalion that relieved us fell heir to the counterattack which the Germans sent across to even up our bombing raid.

Down to the Somme.

We began our march to the Somme by a hike to St. Omer, the first British headquarters in Europe. Then we stopped for a week about twenty miles from Calais, where we underwent a course of intensified training for open fighting. The infantry tactics, in which we were drilled, were very similar to those of the United States army, those which, in fact, were originated by the United States troops in the days of Indian fighting. We covered most of the ground around Calais on our stomachs in open order. While it may seem impertinent for me, a mere non-com, to express an opinion about the larger affairs of the campaign, I think I may be excused for saying that the war didn't at all take the course which was expected and hoped for after the fight on the Somme. Undoubtedly the allies expected to break through the German line. That is well known now. While we were being trained near Calais for open warfare a very large force of cavalry was being assembled and prepared for the same purpose. It was never used.

That was last August, and the allies haven't broken through yet. Eventually I believe they will break through, but in my opinion men who are drawn for service in the first half million of the new American army will be veterans in Europe before the big break comes which will wreck the Prussian hope of success in this war.

And if the Prussians are not now beaten, the day will not be very far distant when the people of the United States will have to fight to save their homes and their nation. War is a dreadful and inglorious and ill smelling and cruel thing. But if we hold back now we will be in the logical position of a man hesitating to go to grips with a drunken, savage, shrieking, spewing maniac who has all but whipped his proper keepers and is going after the onlooker. However, I wish we had had two months more of weather on the Somme. There might have been a different story to tell.

Simplified Medicine.

We got drafts of recruits before we went to the Somme, and some of our wounded men were sent back to England, where we had left our "safety first battalion." That was really the Fifty-first battalion of the Fourth division of the Canadian forces, composed of the physically rejected, men recovering from wounds and men injured in training. The Tommies, however, called it the "safety first" or "Major Gilday's Light Infantry." Major Gilday was our battalion surgeon. He was immensely popular, and he achieved a great name for himself. He made one realize what a great personal force a doctor can be and what an unnecessary elaboration there is in the civil practice of medicine.

Under Major Gilday's administration no man in our battalion was sick if he could walk, and if he couldn't walk there was a reasonable suspicion that he was drunk. The major simplified medicine down to an exact science of two forms of treatment and two remedies—"number nines" and whale oil. "Number nines" were pale oval pills, which, if they had been eggs, would have run about eight to an omelet for six persons. They had an internal

ing up" is not just a suitable term. We were crawling about on all fours just far enough out in No Man's Land to be under the edge of the German shell fire and taking what shelter we could in shell holes while our leaders picked the way to start across. The extra heavy bombardment had warned the Germans that something was about to happen. They sent up star shells and "S O S" signals until there was a glare over the torn earth like that which you see at the grand finish of a Pain's fireworks display, and meanwhile they sprayed No Man's Land with streams of machine gun fire. In the face of that we started.

It would be absurd to say that we were not frightened. Thinking men could not help but be afraid. If we were pallid, which undoubtedly we were, the black upon our faces hid it, but our fear struck voices were not disguised. They trembled and our teeth chattered.

We sneaked out single file, making our way from shell hole to shell hole, nearly all the time on all fours, crawling quickly over the flat places between this small shelter. The Germans had

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F. O. COX, PROPRIETOR.

effect which could only be defined as dynamic. After our men had become acquainted with them through personal experience they stopped calling them "number nines" and called them "whiz-bangs." There were only two possibilities of error under Major Gilday's system of simplified medicine. One was to take a whiz-bang for trench feet and the other to use whale oil externally for some form of digestional hesitancy. And in either case no permanent harm could result, while the error was as simple of correction as the command "about face." Blighly was therefore not very popular with our battalion, blighly being the trench name for the hospital.

Two weeks and a half after we left Belgium we arrived at Albert, having marched all the way. The sight which met our eyes as we rounded the rock quarry hill outside of Albert was wonderful beyond description. I remember how tremendously it impressed my pal, Macfarlane. He sat by the roadside and looked round over the landscape as if he were fascinated.

"Boy," said he, "we're at the big show at last."

Poor fellow! It was not only the big show, but the last performance for



"Boy," said he, "we're at the big show at last."

him. Within sight of the spot where he sat wondering he later fell in action and died. The scene which so impressed him gave us all a feeling of great awe. Great shells from a thousand guns were streaking and criss-crossing the sky. Without glasses I counted thirty-nine of our observation balloons. Away off in the distance I saw one German captive balloon. The other aircraft were uncountable. They were everywhere, apparently in hundreds. There could have been no more wonderful panorama picture of war in its new aspect.

Our battalion was in and out of the town of Albert several days waiting for orders. The battle of Courcellette was then in progress, and the First, Second and Third Canadian divisions were holding front positions at terrible cost. In the first part of October, 1916, we "went in" opposite the famous Regina trench. The battleground was just miles and miles of debris and shell holes. Before we went to our position the officers and non-coms were taken in by scouts to get the lay of the land. These trips were called "Cook's tours." On one of them I went through the town of Polzers twice and didn't know it. It had a population of 12,000 before the war. On the spot where it had stood not even a whole brick was left, it seemed. Its demolition was complete. That was an example of the condition of the whole country over which our forces had blasted their way for ten miles since the previous July. There were not even landmarks left.

The "Cook's Tour."

On the night when we went in to inspect the positions we were to hold, our

scouts, leading us through the dark forest of destruction, got completely turned round and took us back through a trench composed of shell holes connected up until we ran into a battalion of another brigade. The place was dreadful beyond words. The stench of the dead was sickening. In many places arms and legs of dead men stuck out of the trench walls.

We made a fresh start after our blunder, moving in single file and keeping in touch each with the man ahead of him. We stumbled along in the darkness through this awful labyrinth until we ran into some of our own scouts at 2 a. m. and found that we were halfway across No Man's land, several hundred yards beyond our front line and likely to be utterly wiped out in twenty seconds should the Germans sight us. Fine guides we had on this "Cook's tour." At last we reached our proper position, and fifteen minutes after we got there a whiz-bang, a low explosive murderer, buried me completely. They had to dig me out. A few minutes later a high explosive shell fell in a trench section where three of our men were stationed. All we could find after it exploded were one arm and one leg, which we buried. The trenches were without trench mats, and the mud was from six inches to three feet deep all through them. There were no dugouts, only merely miserable "funk holes," dug where it was possible to dig them without uncovering dead men. We remained in this position four days, from the 17th to the 21st of October, 1916.

There were reasons, of course, for the difference between conditions in Belgium and on the Somme. On the Somme we were constantly preparing for a new advance, and we were only temporarily established on ground which we had but recently taken after long drumming with big guns. The trenches were merely shell holes connected by ditches. Our old and ubiquitous and variously useful friend, the sandbag, was not present in any capacity, and therefore we had no para-

ralled all blown in, and every thing had to come to us overland, with the result that we never were quite sure when we would get ammunition, rations or relief forces. The most awful thing was that the soil all about us was filled with freshly buried men. If we undertook to cut a trench or enlarge a funk hole our spades struck into human flesh and the explosion of a big shell along our line sent decomposed and dismembered and sickening mementos of an earlier fight showering among us. We lived in the muck and stench of "glorious" war, those of us who lived.

The German Dugout—and What They Found.

Here and there along this line were the abandoned dugouts of the Germans, and we made what use of them we could, but that was little. I had orders one day to locate a dugout and prepare it for use as battalion headquarters. When I led a squad in to clean it up the odor was so overpowering that we had to put on our gas masks. On entering we first saw two dead nurses with our ghastly flashlights, one standing with her arm around a post, just as she had stood when gas or concussion killed her. Seated at a table in the middle of the place was the body of an old general of the German medical corps, his head fallen between his hands. The task of cleaning up was too dreadful for us. We just tossed in four or five fumite bombs and beat it out of there. A few hours later we went into the seared and empty cavern, made the roof safe with new timbers and notified battalion headquarters that the place could be occupied.

During this time I witnessed a scene which, with some others, I shall never forget. An old chaplain of the Cana-

She's Ready to Go . . .

The secret of success and satisfaction in the operation of a motor car can be summed up in the above phrase. You will save yourself a good deal of time, trouble and expense by running in and having your machine tuned up.

Special Service for "Chevrolet" and "Dodge" Cars.

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THE STANDARD BANK

OF CANADA
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO

Your surplus earnings in our Savings Department earn interest at current rate.

LOMOND BRANCH

C. H. ST. JOHN,

Manager.

dian forces came to our trench section seeking the grave of his son, which had been marked for him on a rude map by an officer who had seen the young man's burial. We managed to find the spot, and at the old chaplain's request we exhumed the body. Some of us suggested to him that he give us the identification marks and retire out of range of the shells which were bursting all around us. We argued that it was unwise for him to remain in danger, but what we really intended was that he should be saved the horror of seeing the pitiful thing which our spades were about to uncover.

"I shall remain," was all he said. "He was my boy."

It proved that we had found the right body. One of our men tried to clear the features with his handker-



His Voice Rose Amid the Noise of Bursting Shells.

chief, but ended by spreading the handkerchief over the face. The old chaplain stood beside the body and removed his trench helmet, baring his gray head to a drizzle of rain that was falling. Then while we stood by silently his voice rose amid the noise of bursting shells, repeating the burial service of the Church of England. I

have never been so impressed by anything in my life as by that scene.

The dead man was a young captain. He had been married to a lady of Baltimore just before the outbreak of the war.

The philosophy of the British Tommies and the Canadians and the Aus-

trians on the Somme was a remarkable reflection of their fine courage through all that hell. They went about their work paying no attention to the flying death about them.

"If Fritz has a shell with your name and number on it," said a British Tommy to me one day, "you're going to get it, whether you're in the front line or seven miles back; if he hasn't, you're all right."

Fine fighters all. And the Scotch kilties, lovingly called by the Germans "the women from hell," have the respect of all armies. We saw little of the pollus, except a few on leave. All the men are self sacrificing to one another in that big melting pot from which so few ever emerge whole. The only things it is legitimate to steal in the code of the trenches are rum and "fags" (cigarettes). Every other possession is as safe as if it wore a patent lock.

The fifth article of this remarkable personal narrative will appear soon. It is entitled:

No. 5.—Wounded In Action.

This article describes the terrible fight, the dead and dying, the loss of a pal and the final falling of McClintock in No Man's Land. Simply told, it is one of the most remarkable descriptions of a battle by a participant ever put together.

Hay in Church.

A curious custom has been observed from time immemorial at Old Weston, Huntingdonshire, in England. The church tower is surrounded to St. SWITHIN, most nearly approaching St. Swithin's day the edifice is strewn with new mown hay. The tradition is that an old lady bequeathed a field for charitable purposes on condition that the tenant provided the hay to lessen the annoyance caused by the squeaking of the new shoes worn by the villagers on Feast Sunday. There are other explanations — one that it is an offering of the first fruits of the hay harvest, and another that it is a survival of the custom of strewing the church (when the floor was only beaten earth) with rushes.

Notice of Meeting

Lomond, February 4th., 1918.

Dear Sir,—

There will be a special meeting of the shareholders of the Associated Farmers Limited held in the I. O. O. F. Hall, Lomond, on Wednesday, Feb. 20th., at one o'clock p. m. Purpose: To enact by-laws absolutely needed. This is to be a real live meeting. Speeches worth while. We mean business.

THE TRUSTEES.

The Associated Farmers, Limited.

The McLaughlin A Canadian Car for Canadian People

Unexcelled in quality and Style, a car of proven endurance and reliability. Price in accord with what the buyer receives. I have secured the direct agency for the Lomond district and will be unloading a car of Fours and Sixes in a week or so. I have a good demonstrator now on hand.

Repair Service and Accessories

C. R. ADAMS

Get It At The "4 X"

Open again with more room and
a large stock of

FRESH and CURED MEATS

NEIL BROS. & HENSEN
Lomond

Headquarters for

Real Estate Bargains
Loans, and
All Kinds of Insurance.

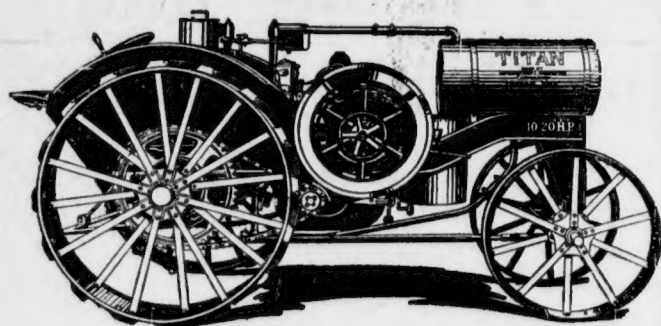
The Lomond Realty Co.
H. E. ELVES L. M. SWAIN

Mr. Farmer . . .

Don't overlook the importance of getting your order placed for any machinery that you might want during the coming season. The congested transportation service, the scarcity of efficient labor and great distance from the factory, combine to place us in a situation that is becoming more serious every day. It makes it impossible to guarantee prices for any length of time. The prices are high now, but they will be higher, so come in right away and place your order for what machinery you will want this season.

The Tractor With a Reputation---

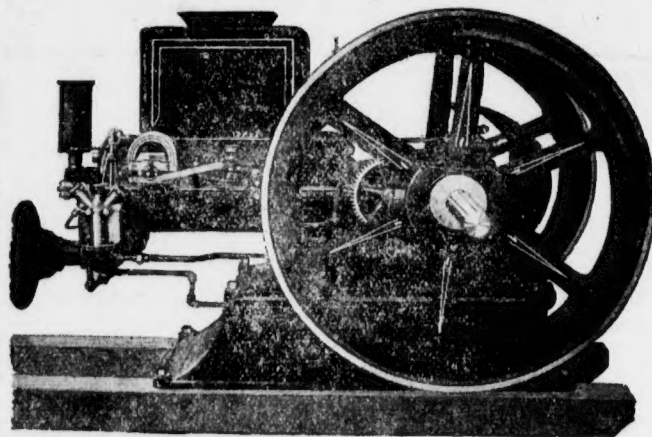
ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



10-20 Titan Tractor	Cash, \$1515.00.	Time, \$1625.00
15 30 Titan Tractor	" 2625.00.	" 2775.00

The Famous "Stover" Engine

Burns Kerosene on all Loads. Come and See One Work.



I. H. C. Farm Machinery

And a Full Line of Repairs for Same.

I have the agency for the Famous CLEVELAND CATERPILLAR TRACTOR---the wonder of the tractor age---and will have one for demonstration about March first.

W. H. SMITH.

Do Your Spring Plans Include a New "Ford"

TRAVERS BRANCH

The new Ford Service Station will soon be opened at Travers in the Paulson Building.

NEW CARS AND REPAIRS STOCKED BOTH IN LOMOND AND TRAVERS

W. A. TESKEY Agent for
CANADIAN FAIRBANKS MORSE CO.

LOCALETS

A fine of \$50.00 and costs was meted out to Claude Blake on Friday evening on a charge of disorderliness, defendant pleading guilty to the charge.

W.H. Smith drove to Calgary on Sunday, returning on Wednesday.

Jack Marshall was over from Vulcan on Wednesday.

See "Dr. Katz" and "Aunt Betsy" in "A White Shawl" at the concert on Monday night.

The local Odd Fellows have under consideration of a public hall and lodge accommodation that will be in keeping with the demands made upon such an institution in a town of this size. The proposed building will be equipped with ultra-modern conveniences. The proposed sight is just east of J. H. Williamson's residence.

The Associated Farmers are holding a special stockholders' meeting on Wednesday afternoon next, Feb. 20th., in the I.O.O.F. Hall.

For Sale!

1 Team Geldings.
2 Teams Mares.
8 Head Yearling Heifers
and Steers.

TERMS: - - CASH PREFERRED

W. H. Hunter,
East Half of Section 35 - 15 - 19.

Have You a Supply of Business Stationery? Appearances Give Your Correspondence a "Pull"

To Our Patrons and the Public:

In transferring our business to the new firm, Elliott, Argue & Co., we take this opportunity to extend to our numerous friends and patrons our sincere thanks for their loyalty to our store all during the time we were in business in Lomond.

We also desire to extend to our successors the good will you have so freely given us. They come with a high reputation for progressiveness and integrity in the mercantile business and will, we are certain, continue to serve the general public in a most efficient manner.

Again thanking you, we are---

Yours truly,

MARSHALL & WILSON.

Marshall & Wilson

THE STORE of QUALITY

:: :: ::

Lomond, Alberta